

THE DICKENSIAN

A Magazine for Dickens Lovers
and Monthly Record of the Dickens Fellowship

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No. 1.

WHEN FOUND—

HERE are indications on all hands that the centenary of the birth of Charles Dickens is to be celebrated during the week in which falls the historic seventh of February as no other centenary of any great man has ever before been celebrated. The Dickens Fellowship and all its branches throughout the world have naturally each and all laid plans for doing homage to the inimitable genius in whose honour their society exists. And it is not possible, even in the pages of its own magazine, to adequately outline the form these celebrations will take. That each branch will make a gala night, and in many cases week, everyone may be sure, but we shall publish a list of these meetings in our diary next month.

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The interest and excitement, however, over the event has already commenced. Innumerable books devoted to various phases of the novelist's life have already flooded the market during the present publishing season, as well as special editions of his more popular books, in all shapes and sizes. Pictures, postcards, Christmas and New Year's cards, calendars in almost bewildering numbers, have been sold in thousands during the festive season. The demand for Dickens china, Dickens figures, Dickens plaques, Dickens everything has been as great as was the demand for his books immediately following his death. Most of these have been referred to from time to time in our pages. There are still more to come. Mr. J. Minden, of 93, Downs Park Road, Clapton, has just re-issued his excellent likeness of the novelist in bronze, mounted, at 10s. 6d. each, and promises "Little Nell and her Grandfather" in a similar size at the same price. Of books there is the Souvenir of the Coliseum performance, referred to on another page, to be ready for the occasion; and a portfolio of twenty original character studies which Messrs. Chapman & Hall will issue at 3s. 6d. net. Doubtless there are others of which we have not yet heard.

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From every town and village throughout England and America come particulars of "Dickens Evenings," "Dickens Plays," and "Dickens Readings," and "Dickens Lectures" in connection with literary societies, schools, colleges, theatres, and cinematograph halls. A *Christmas Carol* has probably been read or recited oftener this December than ever it has before. And from now until February has gone such events will multiply.

Mr. Bransby Williams was the first to popularise Dickens on the music hall stage, and we know that he is justly proud of the part he has taken in sending many persons to Dickens's books who knew them by name only. Now he has scores of followers. Last month a Micawber sketch, written by Mr. Metcalfe Wood, was enacted at the Empire, London, with Mr. Louis Calvert as Micawber. The sketch included Traddles, Mrs. Micawber, the Orfling and the Bailiff. Mr. Edward Lucas has returned to the stage with his Dickens scenes, assisted by his daughter, and, in addition to many Dickens plays being shown in the cinema halls, we hear that Mr. Thomas Bentley has been posing as Dickens characters in the actual localities referred to in the novels for similar displays; whilst Mr. Bransby Williams himself has added to his laurels by creating in a marvellously living manner the character of Barnaby Rudge in a new play, to which reference is made at length elsewhere.

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So the whole atmosphere seems to be purely Dickensian as we write, with the result that the present writer's life is somewhat a strenuous one, his morning's post being abnormal. In America the same spirit prevails, although the sudden death of our friend Mr. Snowden Ward has cast a gloom over the country. But it has Mr. Alfred Tennyson Dickens, who is being feasted and honoured almost as much as his father was before him. Wherever he goes he is received with acclamation and delight. And so the memory of England's great man is being revered. As Mr. Snowden Ward said in his message to America, "Charles Dickens is to be a great force in the twentieth century, and that the hundredth celebration of his birth marks the beginning, not the climax of his real 'uplift' influence."

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The annual "Dickens Dinner" of the Atlantic Union took place on December 19th at the George and Vulture, George Yard, Lombard Street. The occasion was a particularly happy one, and the surroundings were appropriate. The menu was such as might have been found at any good-class hostelry in Dickens's days, including, as it did, chops and tomato sauce, Christmas puddings, and Yorkshire frumenty. Sir Claude de Crespigny presided, and the toast of "The Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens" was proposed by Mrs. May Wright Sewall. The toast of "The Atlantic Union" was proposed by Dr. J. H. Muirhead, and responded to by Mr. T. D. Hawkin.

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The next meeting of the Headquarters Fellowship, to be held at Clifford's Inn Hall on January 3rd, will be a particularly interesting one. Mrs. Perugini will deliver an address, Mrs. A. K. Newcome will speak on Dickens and America, whilst Sir Luke Fildes, R.A., has promised to act as chairman.

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We regret to announce the death of Mr. Charles Knocker, Hon. Secretary of the Isle of Thanet Branch of the Fellowship, which occurred at his residence on the East Cliff, Broadstairs, on Dec. 11th last. Mr. Knocker was in his eighty-first year.

THE EDITOR.

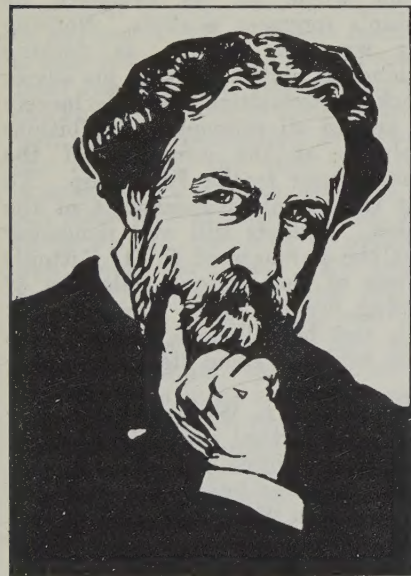
HENRY SNOWDEN WARD

By B. W. MATZ

THE sudden death of Mr. H. Snowden Ward, which took place in New York on Thursday, December 7th last, has deprived the Dickens Fellowship of one of its most active and valued members. Mr. Ward, as our readers are well aware, left England in October last on a lecture tour to the United States and Canada, and as the Fellowship's Special Commissioner there with the object of strengthening existing branches and of forming new ones. He reached New York on October 20th last, and was due back in London on April 20th next. He had a long list of lecture engagements, in addition to which his work on behalf of the Fellowship

must have been tremendously onerous, for he had laid plans and schemes on very large scales for its welfare. On Tuesday, December 5th, he was due to lecture in New York City on "Dickens in America," and an hour before the time he was to appear he was found unconscious in bed, suffering from blood poisoning caused by an abscess in the ear. He was removed to a private hospital where he died. We are happy in knowing that his wife, who was his constant companion and helper in everything he undertook, was at his bedside at the time. The heartfelt sympathy of all will go out to her in her great bereavement and sorrow.

Mr. Henry Snowden Ward was born at Great Horton, Bradford, on February 27th, 1865, and has lived for many years in



HENRY SNOWDEN WARD

the Kentish village of Hadlow. His father was William Ward, a stuff manufacturer. He married in 1893 Catherine Weed Barnes, of Albany, N.Y. He took up journalism and photography in his early days, and had edited successively "The Photographer's World," "The Practical Photographer," and "The Photographic Monthly." He was at the time of his death editor of "The Process Engraver's Monthly" and "Photograms of the Year," a critical annual of the best photographic work of the year. He was also editor of several series of technical handbooks and topographical works. An expert photographer himself, he was also judge at several photographic exhibitions. In addition to his many activities in the journalistic and photographic world, he was a member of the firm of Dawbarn & Ward, and was the author of

the following books: "Shakespeare's Town and Times," "The Real Dickens-Land," "The Canterbury Pilgrimages," "Practical Radiography," "Figures, Facts and Formulæ of Photography," and editor and illustrator of a special edition of "Lorna Doone." He has lectured extensively on the subjects of his books in England and America, was Past President of the Photographic Convention, one of the Founders of the Röntgen Society, and Organising Secretary for Kent of the Legion of Frontiersmen. He was one of the original members of the Dickens Fellowship, and took an active part in its foundation as a member of the Organising Committee, for several years was a member of the Council, of which he was chairman in 1907-8, and ultimately became a Vice-President. But throughout the whole of its existence he remained one of the Fellowship's foremost workers. Nothing was too troublesome, nothing was too onerous, as nothing was too insignificant for him to lend his aid to and give his advice on. The success of the first Dickens Exhibition was due largely to his energies and enthusiasm, and in all subsequent exhibitions his experience and help were always at the command of the executive, as were his services as lecturer to the Fellowship. To him it may almost be said that the actual establishment of the National Dickens Library was due. Readers will well remember that the scheme for carrying out the purchase of F. G. Kitton's library, which formed the nucleus of that unique collection of Dickensiana at the Guildhall, hung fire for many months. Mr. Ward took the matter in hand, and by diligence, perseverance and much hard work succeeded in bringing about its safe housing in the City's historic building.

In all that the Fellowship undertook Mr. Ward was not only enthusiastically interested, but full of practical suggestions, which he was ready and willing to put into force through his own individual energy. It is said that it is the busy man who finds time to do work for others. Mr. Snowden Ward was an exemplification of that saying. The last occasion he took active part in the Fellowship's work in London was on the eve of his departure for America, when he attended the meeting of the Committee of Management, and on the same evening the general meeting of the Charitable Guild, when he made a speech full of valuable ideas, taking with him from the members a message to friends across the water.

To a man with the Fellowship so much at heart, what more natural than that he should desire to turn his professional tour in America and Canada to the good account of the society he was so wrapped up in? And so it came about that when the Council asked him to act as Special Commissioner in those countries he took up the scheme with energy and avidity, and the thoroughness with which he set to work was magnificent. He determined to visit every branch and consult with its officers; to approach other centres with a view to forming branches, and to focus all literary societies in America, on the centenary of Dickens's birth, with the object of simultaneous celebration in the two continents. To fur-

ther, his aim he printed pamphlets and leaflets, supplied the Press with Dickens news and items, and at the time of his death had already stirred up interest in his work to a wonderful extent. He had visited several towns which it is hoped will result in branches being formed. He wanted Boston, where the famous "All Around Dickens Club" exists, and of which he was a member, to lead the way. He addressed them on the subject, and his speech was printed and circulated throughout the country.

It would take too many of our pages to detail all the work he had accomplished in the Fellowship's behalf since he landed in America. Each post brought the Committee of Management three or four letters full of his enthusiasm, and each outlining what he had done and what he had arranged to do, and at least a score of branches are in course of formation, whilst a few were on the eve of being actually formed. A week before he died came a long letter outlining the scheme for a large Dickens pilgrimage from America next year to England, to be under the auspices of the Fellowship and in co-operation with it. Our American friends were to visit Dickensian England under his guidance, and, with our assistance, the visit to culminate in a huge gathering of American and English members at a public meeting in London. All plans were arranged by him, and he asked for our confirmation to be wired. Our wire of approval could have but just reached him before his illness. His last two letters lay in our desk awaiting consideration and reply when the news of his death reached us. In the latter was the phrase "The good work goes on." He had attended the Advisory Board of the Women's Clubs Federation, and spoke with pride of the fact that he was the first man to be allowed to speak at its conference, not on his own behalf, but on that of the Fellowship.

Of what will happen now to the good work he has set in train it is not possible to speak. Good must come of it, and it is sincerely to be hoped that someone will take it up in America where he left off, and at least carry through the work he had initiated.

His own message to America, printed in facsimile of his own writing, in his pamphlets and circulars, ran thus:—

CHARLES DICKENS.

I believe that Charles Dickens is to be a great force in the twentieth century; that the hundredth celebration of his birth marks the beginning, not the climax of his real "uplift" influence.

The man was great, he lies in Westminster Abbey. His works were greater, they are on our shelves and in our memory. His work is greatest: a living power for now, a legacy and a trust for us to-day.

H. SNOWDEN WARD.

Now that he has been taken from the work he chose for himself out of love for it and out of a desire to spread the influence of him whose memory we all seek to honour, let us take his message as our message, and during our celebrations next month let us have a thought for him who did so much for the Dickens Fellowship, and who died in harness working for our good.

To the Dickens Fellowship Mr. Snowden Ward's death is irreparable. To the Council, and particularly the members of the

Committee of Management, who have been in such close touch with him during the last few months, it seems hard to realise that his voice will not be heard again nor his enthusiasm revealed to them in his strong, firm handwriting, so like himself, in that it was large and open. In all he undertook he was open and honest—sometimes it might have been said meticulously so as regards details. But straightforwardness and integrity were the prominent characteristics of this nature which made him so respected and honoured. The Fellowship could have had no one more fitted as its representative, and could have had no greater calamity befall it than Mr. Snowden Ward's death.

TO FELLOW-DICKENSIANS

JANUARY, 1912

THE portal of another year!
We stand in trembling hope, and fear
Comes to our hearts whilst looking back
Upon the long and broken track
Traversed. We try to smile—and sigh—
We think of those no longer nigh.
Yet they were here one New Year's Day.
Alas! 'tis now too late to pay
The debt of love we owed so long.
Quiet their sleep; and now no wrong
Or right that we may say or do
Will cause them joy or give them rue.

But pause, it may be that they know—
O, think, if it indeed be so!
If those pure souls may visit earth,
Surely ye would not have a dearth
Of loving-kindness in your breast;
Ye would not disappoint their quest.
Charles Dickens, mayhap, now looks down
On us, his fellows, in each town.
Perchance our aims, our thoughts, our deeds
Are noted. And the tiny seeds
We sow to keep his mem'ry green
Are by our beloved author seen.

Ere this year's end let much be wrought;
Let charity and kindly thought
Of Dickens' lovers through the land
Proclaim us as a mighty band,
Bound together with bonds of steel—
The steel of righteous, honest zeal.
Let no class barriers mar the path
Of progress towards that aftermath
When swords shall into ploughshares turn,
And age from youth commence to learn.
Let Dickens' lovers haste the time
When we shall hear Wrong's death-knell chime.

AT THE SIGN OF THE ROBIN REDBREAST

By WILLOUGHBY MATCHETT

"ANYTHING in my line to-night?" came a weary voice out of the darkness.

Somewhat startled, I hitched the bedclothes away from my head, and peered.

"You are——?"

"The same old party," replied the voice, with just the faint suspicion of a sigh. "Still on the go. Nose to the grindstone. Get on or Get Out. You know. Keeping it up for the sake of appearances, the shopkeepers, and the Immortal Charles. . . . I've some little things here you might like. Care to see 'em?" And the shadowy individual, standing in a little circle of red glare, whom I perceived to be the owner of the voice, lightly tossed me a business card, and proceeded to open a little bag. On the card was inscribed in phosphorescent letters, *The Ghost of Christmas Present*.

"I shouldn't have known you," I replied, looking at him with interest. I noted that the long, unbuttoned, shabby-looking overcoat that hung loosely about him ill accorded with the finery, worn and tawdry though it seemed, that showed beneath it.

"No?" Forcing a wan, propitiatory smile.

"No," I went on. "You used to be a ruddy and jovial-looking giant. And now what do I find you? A shrunken, drooping, miser——"

"Don't rub it in, please." He held out a deprecating hand. And was suddenly racked with a dreadful cough. The room was filled with it.

"You ought to take something for that cough," I said presently, when all was quiet again.

"I do," he gasped. "Only thing that keeps me going. Take a dose now if I may?" He fumbled in a pocket, produced a little phial, and put it to his lips. The effect was magical. It was not only that he no longer coughed, but that he filled out in a startling fashion to something very near his old form. "Wonderful stuff this," he went on glibly. "The Carol Vitaliser. I shall send it a testimonial. You shall see my portrait yet—oh, large—jolly old cock style—whole front page, *Daily Mail*. 'Dear Sirs,—I have much pleasure in testifying to the good results from the use of Dickens's invaluable Carol Vitaliser——' You know the style of thing. Sort of fame, eh?"

"Where are all the good things you used to be surrounded with?" I asked, with a touch of sternness. "Holly and mistletoe, puddings, and all that?"

"Oh, the props," he replied. "My paraphernalia. Too much fag to cart 'em about, my boy. Got the whole bag of tricks in little in this bag. Samples. That's the idea nowadays. Send threepence in stamps. Or see me personally, as now. . . . Now, I've a very cunning, little mechanical toy here, the rage of the nurseries. The Little Runabout, we call it. See! Wind it up so, and let it go. Whoo! . . . Cute, isn't it? Flies round the

room and home again. Infants enthralled. Every baby his own Blériot. Must be up-to-date. In box complete, with full directions, twenty-seven and six. Say twenty-five to you. . . . No? . . . Same thing in a cheaper line. . . . Won't be tempted? . . . Newest thing in crackers here—mottoes that make your hair curl. . . . No call for them. Teddy Bears? . . . Well, perhaps they *have* lost their snap. . . . Or what d'you say to a——" he dived a hand. "Or," hesitating, "was it puddings you mentioned?"

"You seem very, very—what shall I say!—businesslike," I observed.

"I should hope so," he returned. "Aren't we all on the make?" A note of sadness crept into his voice. "You know I live at the Stores."

"Stores!" I echoed, surprised.

"Um! Glad to have me. Free board. Earn what 'comm.' I can. All the Stores in London and elsewhere. Worst of it is, it's generally the basement."

"Basement!" I repeated.

"I believe it's these basements that give me my bad colds. Chilly at nights. Brr-rh!" He shivered at the thought of them.

"Now you are here," I said severely, "I suppose you are going to take me a little tour *à la* Scrooge? Well, I'm game for it. Hearten me up with a touch of your hand, then hey for the modern Bob Cratchits and the Tiny Tims!"

"Little crutch pattering," said the Ghost, musingly. "Pretty, wasn't it? Dear old Dickens! I'm glad he let Tiny Tim live. . . . But take you a tour? Heaven bless you, man, the tourist agencies have taken all the cream off that business. Too many Cooks, you know. Besides, the beastly fag. . . . Eugh! . . . Don't mind my squatting here for a minute, do you? There's just a bit of a pain takes me——" He pressed a hand to his side.

He sat at the foot of the bed. I was frankly disappointed, and said as much, in terms pitched a trifle sarcastically.

"Don't be censorious," he replied; "it doesn't suit your beauty. This over-smartness! Curse of the present generation. Last man I visited dared to offer me a safety razor. Called my beard a relic of barbarism—young cub! Now, I'm proud of my beard—it's a distinct asset. It flows. As I was saying to the other fellows, not many men to be seen nowadays with flowing beards. Real, you know—no fake."

"Other fellows!" I repeated. "What other fellows?"

"Ghosts of Christmas Past and Christmas Future, of course," he replied. "We meet occasionally. Have a good old jaw of shop. Little pub up a court off——" he waved a hand. "Not a hundred miles from Drury Lane—near enough for you. You couldn't find it if you tried to, though; no outsider can. That's the joke of the thing. Even the policeman on the beat couldn't direct you to the Robin Redbreast. He just knows it when he sees it, that's all. Some say it's on the edge of Fairyland. Real old-fashioned little place it is. Placard, 'Rum and Coffee,' in the

window. Snug. Sporting prints. Coaches in the snow. That sort of thing. Heaps of snow. Pictures from the old, old Christmas numbers. Kissing under the mistletoe—snapdragon—haunted granges. Landlord sports a capacious red waistcoat—image of Fezziwig. We call him that. Leech's Fezziwig, mind you; none of your moderns."

"But aren't you three a trifle too conspicuous even in such a place?" I asked.

"Lord, no!" he rejoined. "Just pass for oddities. In among others. Sort of home from home for oddities. Characters. I've run against Micawber there. Swiveller last week as ever was. He swears by their purl. Snug, I tell you. Not one of your gilt-and-glitter whisky advertisement places, where a snug fellow in shirt-sleeves mops the counter every two-three minutes. Besides, we're in mufti. . . . Don't mind giving you a squint at the place if you like. I'll do that much for you. Lay hold of my hand. Your window's practicable—what?"

I nodded, and in a trice out into the night we flew. I was too dazed for noticing; the speed was awful. Everything swam. A sudden and terrific jerk, and I was on my feet, clutching, as if for dear life, to the edge of a counter. Odd! The Ghost smiled reassuringly beside me. The room was filled. No one seemed to notice anything unusual. A stout man, wreathed in smiles, said, "Give your orders, gentlemen," in a fat, comfortable voice, and repeated the word "orders" several times, as if he liked it.

Another voice, mellifluous, with a certain roll in it as of self-conscious gentility, was speaking in the centre of a little group.

"Without wishing to parade the lacerated feelings of a wounded sensibility, I would merely ask, gentlemen," the speaker was saying, "do I look as if I kept a school? Suited, as I may be, in an eminent degree, to the task of imparting the golden precepts of experience to unformed youth, and endowed, it may be, with a capacity, as yet unfathomed, for expatiating on the classics and doing mysterious things upon a blackboard with a piece of chalk, still is it kind or gentlemanly in our lively neighbour the Gaul to represent me, even when under the pressure of pecuniary embarrassments, and plunged in the lowest depths of misery and despair at eternally waiting for something to turn up—is it reasonable even to depict me, whatever my vicissitudes—as turning to the barren rôle of schoolmaster? Coal I may have dallied with. The transactions of the corn trade are not unknown to me. Banking I have glanced at. Brewing has had my respectful consideration. There is scope in these occupations—scope, gentlemen, for that ripe and mellow style which—if I may be allowed to mention it without a sacrifice of native modesty—has been observed in me, and which springs alone from a knowledge of men and things, extensive in its range, gleaned in no schoolroom, but solely in the busy haunts and larger ways of commerce. Teaching, gentlemen! The scholastic manner is dry. It is not akin—it can never be akin—to mine."

("Micawber," whispered the Ghost to me. "Ratty about this new French play of 'Copperfield.'")

"Gentlemen," continued the speaker, "in my simple artlessness I have ever looked upon that Sister Nation of the French as a friendly and a kindly one. I have been carried so far by enthusiasm, on occasion, as to launch French phrases of a simple character at the heads of foreign waiters. That they have refused to understand me has in no way dimmed that lambent flame of Fraternity that has burnt within my bosom. But now, gentlemen, a miasma rises from the slime of misrepresentation, and obscures the gaze of friendship. Dejection falls upon the soul and swathes it in its gloomy folds, a chill wind whistles o'er the dreary waste, the god of day goes down, and—and, in short, one is for ever—or at any rate until the objectionable piece is consigned to the oblivion it deserves—Floored. Gentlemen, God bless you. Charge your glasses!"

The speaker's concluding words were evidently meant as a mere form, for there was no show on his part of actually treating. Notwithstanding this there was applause.

"I certainly object to that Frenchman's ideas of mixing up the novels," I remarked aside to my friend the Ghost.

"Do you?" he returned. I don't know about that. Judicious mixture is not so bad. Look at drinks. Pity the Immortal Charles didn't see what a tremendously strong book he could have made by throwing David and Oliver into one. Dickens Up-to-Date, you know. That's the ticket. Must go with the times."

"Give me Dickens Out-of-Date, then," said a pleasant-faced little fellow of uncertain age, whom I rather suspected of being Christmas Past. "But I suppose I'm an old-fashioned bloke." He stifled a sigh.

Another man, near by, who had been looking at me very hard, slowly removed his pipe from his lips, as slowly tapped it against the counter, and spoke as an oracle. He was a sallow, cadaverous-looking fellow, with long, lank, black hair and the bluest chin I have ever seen, and might have been an undertaker's mute, or a broken-down tragedian.

"You can tell the gentleman, Bill," he said, addressing my Ghost, "that there's worse coming along. A deal worse. Oh, a deal!" He seemed to find a ghostly satisfaction in the fact. "What do you say"—he quite held me with the pointing of his lank, skinny finger—"what do you say to Dombey and the Old Grandfather merged in one, to ditto with Florence and Little Nell, to Quilp and Carker obtaining the business by trickery and running it on their own, to Toots discovering a flaw in the will——?"

"Will!" I repeated. "What will?"

"Oh, there's always a will," said the cadaverous man, turning an impatient gleam of two beady eyes on me. "Don't interrupt, please." He stared into vacancy as if beholding visions. "I see——" he began again.

"Jimmy ought to be in Bond Street," whispered my Ghost, "raking in the guineas."

"Is he the Ghost of Christmas Future?" I whispered.

My Ghost nodded.

"I see a Drood play coming along," continued the seer. "A

lovely thing. Ballets in it. Fairies dancing in the moonlight. You," to my Ghost, "in the centre doing magic hokey-pokey. You're the good genius of the play. Noël they call you—blessed Noël."

My Ghost beamed. "That's me every time."

"You resuscitate the strangled youth with a magic potion. You bear him off to Bob Cratchit's humble home, there to lie low until the dread hour of reprisal. Soft music. Drood gently slumbering in little cot of Tiny Tim's. Fairies blessing him. Audience choky. Stealthy pocket-handkerchiefs. And Curtain."

"Strong!" interjected my Ghost simply, with an admiring glance at the other.

"It'll knock 'em, Bill," said the little fellow, who was certainly Christmas Past, although he was attired in a suit of small checks, wore a red, spotted handkerchief, and had an indefinable air of circus about him.

"A bit of all right for me—What?" remarked my Ghost, turning to me.

It had struck me several times that he had grown slangy since his early days, and I now hinted as much delicately.

"Aven't I expostulated with yer, Bill?" put in Christmas Past. "What the genelman says is right. Jimmy 'ere it don't matter, not being a patterer. But you an' me, Bill, is diferent. Why, in course, it lets us down with the public."

"Tcha! the public!" interposed Christmas Future, with withering emphasis, as if he bore it a grudge for his 'not being a patterer.

"Well, what's wrong with the public?" asked Christmas Past. "I ain't got a word to say agen the public myself. They knows a good thing when they sees it, the public does. They allus took to me and Bill. Oncommon they did. You was too creepy for 'em, that's what you was."

"Between you and me and the bedpost——" said Christmas Present, aside to me.

"But I haven't got a bedpost," I put in. (And felt a sudden giddiness.)

"The deuce, you haven't," he returned, looking at my bed. The word "bedpost" had somehow whipped us back in a twinkling. "That's just where it is," he grumbled. "You come into this sketch without a bedpost and expect your ghosts to remain Mid-Victorian. It can't be done, sir. A decent bedpost is the very *sine quâ non* of the whole thing." He stuffed stray tissue paper back into his bag. "No tempting you, then? Well, I'll toddle. . . . Oh, there's this." He tossed a small packet on to the bed. "Do as a present for a lady. We're giving 'em away as an advertisement." And went.

What was inside the packet concerns only myself.

THE STAR AND GARTER, RICHMOND

DICKENS ASSOCIATIONS WITH IT AND THE DISTRICT

By O. SACK

DICKENS had a great liking for Richmond and Twickenham, and the famous Star and Garter hotel at Richmond, which has recently been purchased for the purpose of enlarging and modernising, was a favourite resort of the novelist.

When contemplating a ride or a walk he would invite his friend and biographer to join him with some such note as "Richmond and Twickenham, through the park, out at Knightsbridge, and over Barnes Common—would make a beautiful ride," or some such message, or intimation as laconic "To be heard of at Eel-pie House, Twickenham!" on a certain day.

As early as 1838 and 1839 Dickens showed a great fondness for the locality, for in the former year the summer months were spent at 4, Ailsa Park Villas, Twickenham, and in the following year at Elm Cottage, Petersham, in both of which places great times at sport of all kinds were enjoyed by his friends and family, particularly in the latter house, where the grounds were more extensive and admitted of much athletic competition, as John Forster informs us. But the Star and Garter is the most notable landmark of the district connected with the novelist's life and writings.

He was married on April 2nd, 1836, and the second anniversary of the event was celebrated at the Star and Garter in company with John Forster, who writes of the incident, "I left him working with unusual cheerfulness at *Oliver Twist* when I quitted the Star and Garter on the next day but one, after celebrating with both friends on the previous evening an anniversary which concerned us all (their second and my twenty-sixth), and which we kept always in future at the same place, except when they were living out of England, for twenty successive years. It was a part of his love of regularity and order, as well as of his kindness of nature, to place such friendly meetings as these under rules of habit and continuance."

Another curious coincidence affecting Dickens, Forster and Richmond is in regard to the original of the character of Mr. Pickwick, who was a friend of Mr. Chapman's at Richmond, "a fat old beau, who would wear, in spite of the ladies' protests, drab tights and black gaiters," whose name was John Foster. Forster felt sure that the "old beau" spelled his name as he did because all through his life people deprived him of his first "r." Apart from this celebration of two notable anniversaries at the Star and Garter, we find other events signalised by a gathering at the famous hotel. The celebration of the publication of *Master Humphrey's Clock* took place here with Daniel Maclise as a guest, on the red-letter day, April 2nd, 1840, to wit.

In the November of the following year (1841) the novelist was there again for a short time to recuperate his shattered nerves. In 1843 he writes to Forster (12th February), "I am in a difficulty, and am coming down to you some time to-day or to-night. I couldn't write a line yesterday; not a word, though I really tried

hard. In a kind of despair I started off at half-past two with my pair of petticoats to Richmond, and dined there! Oh what a lovely day it was in those parts." The pair of petticoats were Mrs. Dickens and her sister Miss Georgina Hogarth, and he stayed with them for a short holiday. Again in the autumn of the same year a dinner was given at the Star and Garter to Macready to wish him good-speed on his way to America. Charles Dickens occupied the chair on the occasion.

Early in 1844 a little dinner party, comprising Daniel Maclise,



THE STAR AND GARTER, RICHMOND (1847)

From a Contemporary Print

R.A., Clarkson Stanfield, R.A., John Forster and Charles Dickens took place at the same hotel, to celebrate the birth of the novelist's third son, named Francis Jeffrey. But perhaps the most important Dickens gathering at the Star and Garter was that inaugurated in June, 1850, to celebrate the publication of what is Dickens's masterpiece, *The Personal History of David Copperfield*. It was a remarkable gathering and a great success. Amongst the guests were Sergeant Talfourd, Mark Lemon, Hablôt K. Browne, W. M. Thackeray, Alfred Tennyson, Douglas Jerrold, and, of course, John Forster, who declared that he had rarely seen Dickens happier than he was amid the sunshine of that day.

In addition to these facts indicating that Dickens found Richmond a charming spot, we find also occasional references to it in his writings. In one he speaks of the "Respectability of Richmond Hill," and in another of the "beautiful banks of the Thames at Richmond and Twickenham."

Then there is that journey from London to Richmond described

in *Great Expectations*, when Pip takes charge of Estella. "I am going to Richmond," she told me. "Our lesson is that there are two Richmonds, one in Surrey and one in Yorkshire, and that mine is the Surrey Richmond. The distance is ten miles." How they got into a post-coach and drove away, and came to Richmond all too soon, will be found fully described in the pages of the book. Their destination was "a house by the Green: a staid old house, where hoops and powders and patches, embroidered coats, rolled stockings, ruffles and swords, had their court days many a time. Some ancient trees before the house were still cut into fashions as formal and unnatural as the hoops and wigs and stiff skirts; but their own allotted places in the great procession of the dead were not far off, and they would soon drop into them and go the silent way of the rest."

Was that house purely imaginary on the part of our author? If not, perhaps some "old inhabitant" of Richmond may locate it for us.

Another notable Dickens character retired to Richmond in no less a person than Tracey Tupman. In the last chapter of that immortal history so faithfully recorded in the *Pickwick Papers* we read: "Mr. Tupman, when his friends married, and Mr. Pickwick settled, took lodgings at Richmond, where he has ever since resided. He walks constantly on the Terrace during the summer months, with a youthful and jaunty air which has rendered him the admiration of the numerous elderly ladies of single condition, who reside in the vicinity. He has never proposed again."

CHARLES DICKENS CENTENARY

PUBLIC APPEAL FOR FIVE OF HIS GRANDCHILDREN

THE *Daily Telegraph* of December 4th opened its columns to a Fund for the above object with a letter signed by Lord Alverstone, wherein he quoted a letter which the Executive Committee of the Dickens Centenary had received, signed by five daughters of Charles Dickens, Junior, stating that their present circumstances were necessitous. The proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* kindly offered to open a Christmas Fund in order to aid this object, which is clearly stated to be for the five children of Charles Dickens, Junior. Under no circumstances will Mrs. Perugini, Mr. Alfred Tennyson Dickens and his daughters, and Mr. Henry F. Dickens, K.C., and his children participate in any way in the fund.

The response to the appeal has already resulted, as we go to press, in the substantial sum of £3,191 14s. 9d. Many letters of sympathy have accompanied the donations, and have appeared in print from day to day. On January 7th a huge Dickens performance is to be given at the Coliseum, in which many notable actors of the day will take part. "Bardell v. Pickwick," scenes from "Barnaby Rudge," "The Only Way," "A Christmas Carol," and "Martin Chuzzlewit" will form the programme, with such well-known names as Sir John Hare, Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr.

Fred Emney, Mr. E. S. Willard, Sir George Alexander, Mr. Fred Farren, Mrs. Kendal, Mr. Seymour Hicks, Miss Ellaline Terris and others taking part. Sir Luke Fildes's famous picture of "The Empty Chair" will be represented on the stage, and hither will come representations of the immortal characters from the books.

A unique souvenir in the shape of a book containing articles, poems and illustrations, prepared and published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, will be sold at 5s. All the profit accruing therefrom will be added to the fund.

DICKENS'S CHRISTMAS BOOKS

ONE of the features of Christmastide during several years past has been the "Annuals" of Messrs. Pears, which have contributed as much to the firm's fame as the domestic commodity with which their name is associated. Of these undoubtedly the most notable were those devoted to Dickens's five Christmas books, "A Christmas Carol," "The Chimes," "The Cricket on the Hearth," "The Battle of Life," and "The Haunted Man." All these, with the exception of "The Cricket on the Hearth," were illustrated by that ideal Dickens artist, Charles Green, R.I., who had previously illustrated one or two of the author's novels in the "Household" Edition, and had exhibited Dickens paintings occasionally at the art galleries. Most artists love to illustrate Dickens. Some prove successful; some do not. Unless an artist is imbued with the real Dickens spirit he fails. Charles Green, like Fred Barnard, possessed all the qualifications necessary for a right presentment of the ideal Dickens atmosphere, and in the task he undertook for Messrs. Pears all these qualifications were absolutely manifest. In the original large form they were published these "Annuals" did not commend themselves to the bookman, and the publishers have had the happy idea of re-issuing them in a handy form for the shelf with these charming and fascinating pictures. And in their new dress, with an interesting introduction to each by Clement K. Shorter, they should have a wide appeal. "The Cricket on the Hearth" is illustrated by L. Rossi, and so faithfully has he caught the Dickens spirit that there is little to choose between the two artists' work. We consider Messrs. Pears have done a real service in once more making the work of these artists available to the Dickens lover. Each volume costs 1s. 6d. net.

We have also received a copy of yet another edition of "A Christmas Carol," published by Mr. Robert Scott at one shilling net. It is clearly printed, has a facsimile of Dickens's preface, and is illustrated by E. H. Stanton.

Messrs. Putnam & Sons have issued a charming edition of "The Chimes," beautifully illustrated in colour and black and white by Frederick Simpson Coburn. Mr. Coburn is to be congratulated on his delicate and appropriate rendering of the Dickensian feeling of the story, and the publishers on their tasteful production. Its price is 6s. net.

"BARNABY RUDGE" AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE, NEW CROSS, S.E.

By U. T. PARKE

THOSE who have witnessed the performances of the Dickens Fellowship's company of players at the Broadway Theatre, New Cross, during the last five years, will be in thorough agreement with the popular verdict that "Barnaby Rudge," the fifth of the series, presented during the week commencing December 11th, was, from every point of view, the most successful. The play itself, in four acts and eleven scenes, written by three prominent members of the company, under the *nom de plume* of "Walter Frederick Evelyn," was perhaps more ambitious than any that preceded it. Its theme was cleverly woven, and the many exciting situations incident to the story followed each other in natural sequence to the dramatic climax. But as nothing succeeds like success, it causes no surprise to find that all its intricacies of plot and staging were surmounted by the indefatigable producer and part-author, Mr. F. T. Harry. On his shoulders must have fallen the burden, and to him must ungrudgingly be given the credit of the *tout ensemble*. Yet he himself would be the first to admit that without the painstaking and enthusiastic co-operation of an able cast such as he had at command, his efforts would have proved abortive. In addition to these favourable conditions, the company had the assistance of the magnetic personality of Mr. Bransby Williams in the *title rôle*, and of the clever actress, Mrs. A. B. Cross, who under the stage name of Miss Minnie Watersford was for many years leading lady to the late Mr. A. B. Cross in his well-known performances of "The Manxman" and other successful plays. So that Mr. Harry and his friends must have gone home after that memorable last night—when a speech was demanded from Mr. Williams, and acceded to in company with the "author," amidst tumultuous applause—happy, contented and justifiably proud.

The play itself was true to its title, and centred round the personality of Barnaby Rudge. He was the hero, and, as may be realised, certain parts of Dickens's story had to be slightly altered to fit and make the story coherent. But no terrible tampering with the novelist's work was indulged in that would offend the most ardent Dickensian. Barnaby's father was killed during the sacking of the Warren, it is true, and Barnaby was allowed to show a secret love for Dolly which the novelist does not indicate. But both these points contributed so much to the play as a play that no one could justify a complaint regarding them. From the first scene in the Maypole parlour, when Joe Willett asserted his manhood and left his father's roof to become a soldier, through all the others that followed, showing in turn the meeting of Mr. Harédale and Sir John Chester, Mrs. Rudge's house in Southwark, the rioters' meeting-place, the attack on the Warren, Newgate Prison, and the final tableau in Bloomsbury Square—through all, the story ran its course with Barnaby playing his part in its unravelling, and so intelligently were the incidents and scenes interwoven that a reading of the book was not necessary for its proper appreciation and understanding.

Even and well-balanced as the acting throughout was, there were certain notable instances where it stood out apart from that of the two chief performers. Mr. T. L. Adamson as Mr. Geoffrey Hare-dale played the burly country gentleman with manly, honest dignity and sternness, and Mr. E. Lewis Winn as Sir John Chester was always punctiliously polite, heartless and unprincipled, and in the two scenes in which they were sole figures—the interviews at the Maypole and outside the ruined Warren—they both were admirable to a degree. The duel with which the latter terminated was finely conceived and executed.

Mr. F. T. Harry surpassed himself as Rudge, the murderer. He could so easily have made an extravagant blood and thunder villain of the part. But terrible character as Rudge was, and horrible as Mr. Harry made him, he kept it within the bounds of possibility, yet presenting all the time the real bad strain that ran through his blood.



[London News Agency Photos

MR. BRANSBY WILLIAMS AS BARNABY RUDGE, AND
MRS. A. B. CROSS AS MRS. RUDGE

Mr. Frank Staff had in Sim Tappertit, the gallant captain of the rioters, in love with the fair "enslaved," Dolly Varden, and a rival to Joe Willett, a part exactly suited to him, and he made the most of it. He looked the "thin-faced, sleek-haired, sharp-nosed, small-eyed little fellow," full of conceit and devoid of valour, to the life. His acting could not have been better; and the humour which Sim Tappertit's conceit created amongst his companions caused much amusement with the audience. In a play by its nature somewhat sombre, he supplied the lighter touches.

Mr. Walter Dexter, as the wild, uncouth, sullen Hugh, not only looked sufficiently ugly and bear-like, but infused into his part all the fierceness of such characteristics, and had as companion in his viciousness Mr. H. H. Pearce, who gave a grim, realistic portrait of Dennis, the hangman become rioter.

The Joe Willett of Mr. Guy Inglis was workman-like, whilst the part of John Willett was broadly presented by Mr. Herbert Mason. Of the minor characters, those of Tom Cobb, Phil Parkes, Gabriel Varden, and Solomon Daisy were ably filled by Mr. J. Pattison, Mr. Edward Smith, Mr. F. Lawson, and Mr. A. J. Chinnery, who also played excellently well as Stagg, the blind proprietor of the drinking cellar and skittle-ground where the rioters foregathered. The play did not furnish much scope for Miss B. Mapley as Dolly Varden, Miss V. Cuddon as Miss Haredale, and Miss Philp as Mrs. Varden. But each played their respective parts with skill.

Standing out in bold relief was the acting of Mr. Bransby Williams as Barnaby Rudge and of Mrs. A. B. Cross as his mother. They had much to do together, and when they were on the stage the love and affection of mother and son were always so artistically and naturally rendered as to be continually affecting the softer susceptibilities of even the sterner sex in the audience. There can be no two opinions that Mr. Bransby Williams has done nothing finer in conception, nothing so real and human, than his realisation and presentment of the fantastic, half-witted hero of Dickens's tale. Mr. Williams did not make Barnaby too silly, too mad; but he gave him just sufficient of that tinge of mental derangement which Dickens meant him to have, as well as all that large-hearted good nature which combine to make him the lovable, sympathetic character he is. Full of life, full of excitement, full of interest, his was the Barnaby Rudge we all have learned to know to his finger-tips. At times plaintive, at times exuberant, at times jolly, at times sad, always sensible in his half-wittedness, always showing that affection for his mother which throughout his performance brought lumps in the throats of most of us. The scene in his mother's cottage whilst his father was hiding in the cupboard, the scene in the prison, also with his mother, and the final tableau will linger in the minds of all those who witnessed them long after other incidents of the play have faded away. Mr. Williams's Barnaby was the real living Barnaby, his best Dickens impersonation.

He was fortunate in having so sympathetic and clever an actress as Mrs. A. B. Cross creating the part of his mother. Accomplished, reserved, exhibiting motherly love with dignity and sincerity, she secured the affection of the audience at once, and it shared her sorrow and trials throughout the play. Her acting was always graceful, charming and natural, full of pathos and never strained. And the round after round of applause for her and Mr. Williams after each curtain was as worthy as it was spontaneous.

A word of praise must be given to Mr. Charles Harry, the stage manager, for his work behind the curtain; and to Mr. John Rodgers for his delightful music, written especially for the play.

POETICAL TRIBUTES TO CHARLES DICKENS

LXXXV

"GOD bless us, every one," prayed Tiny Tim,
 Crippled and dwarfed of body, yet so tall
 Of soul, we tiptoe earth to look on him,
 High towering over all.
 He loved the loveless world, nor dreamed, indeed,
 That it of best could give to him, the while
 But pitying glances, when his only need
 Was but a cheery smile.
 And thus he prayed, "God bless us, every one!"
 Unfolding all the creeds within the span
 Of his child-heart; and so despising none,
 Was nearer saint than man.
 I like to fancy God in Paradise,
 Lifting a finger o'er the rhythmic swing
 Of chiming harp and song with eager eyes
 Turned earthward, listening—
 The anthem stilled—the angels leaving there,
 Above the golden walls—the morning sun
 Of Christmas bursting flower-like with the prayer,
 "God bless us, every one!"

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Western British American, Chicago, December 24th, 1910.

CHARLES DICKENS IN AMERICA *

MR. W. GLYDE WILKINS is well known to readers of this magazine as an authoritative writer on Dickensian subjects, and the book he has now produced under the above title is a valuable addition to the list of Dickensiana. The work is devoted to a comprehensive account of the experiences of Charles Dickens in America on the two occasions on which the novelist visited that country, and does not claim to be more than a compilation, chiefly of the speeches made about and by Dickens, and extracts from the private note-books and journals of various prominent persons who were associated with the reception of the novelist. This was worth doing, and Mr. Wilkins is to be congratulated on the accomplishment of a notable task. In connection with the visit of 1842 special chapters are devoted to such important functions as the banquet given in the novelist's honour by the young men of Boston, the Boz ball and the New York dinner, the speeches at which are reprinted in detail, and all the preliminary and executive arrangements described. The scenes thus vividly pictured will give to English readers an interesting study of many characteristic American customs, and show fully with

* "Charles Dickens in America," compiled and edited by W. Glyde Wilkins. With 41 Illustrations and Portraits. London: Chapman & Hall, Ltd. 7s. 6d. net.

what honest enthusiasm Dickens was received and honoured. Among other matters dealt with is the controversy on international copyright, and in reprinting the many notable speeches delivered on both sides of this vexed question, Mr. Wilkins has done a great service. These and the various other speeches make very interesting reading, and one convincing impression derived from their perusal is the general and marked ability of American after-dinner orators. On the novelist's second visit of 1867-8, when his mission was merely that of giving readings from his own books, the chief event, so far as the plan of Mr. Wilkins's book is concerned, was the Press dinner at Delmonico's, and this is dealt with adequately.

In the passages where Mr. Wilkins uses his own pen he refrains from any expression of personal opinion on the subject of the justice of Dickens's treatment of America, preferring that his readers should form their own impressions with a full knowledge of the events on which Dickens based his observations. We congratulate Mr. Wilkins on a most valuable publication. J. S.

GRAVESEND'S DINNER TO CHILDREN

SIR,—In February last the Gravesend Branch gave a dinner to 350 of the poorest children of the town. On the occasion of the coming anniversary the committee propose to repeat this on a much larger scale by increasing the number of children to a thousand.

If any of your readers to whom this method of celebrating the Centenary appeals care to assist we shall be pleased to receive donations.

December 5th, 1911.

ALEX. J. PHILIP, Chairman.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

HEADQUARTERS.—On December 6th London members assembled at Clifford's Inn Hall to hear Mr. W. W. Crotch deliver his lecture on "Dickens and the People's Pleasures." In his prefatory remarks Mr. Matz (Chairman) voiced the feeling of the meeting in welcoming back Mr. Crotch, after an absence of several years, to the Fellowship, of which he was one of the three original founders. The lecture, which touched on many controversial points, dealt in the main with Dickens's attitude towards the provision of adequate means of enjoyment for the masses, and his constant literary activity in the encouragement of more freedom in this direction. Mr. Crotch was very much concerned with the drabness of the English Sunday, and quoted Arthur Clennam's impression of that day as an example of what Dickens thought on the subject. Happily, as Mr. Crotch suggested, through the instrumentality of Dickens's influence, the English Sunday now offers plenty of opportunity for harmless pleasure or enjoyment to those who, unfortunately for themselves, are unable to obtain the recreation necessary to their well-being at other times. Mr. Crotch described Dickens as the great Anti-Puritan, but when he clamoured in the name of Dickens for a Continental Sunday he raised a considerable amount of opposition, which materialised into a good deal of discussion at the close of the evening. The lecture, however, was of a high order, and was well delivered, and its conclusion was greeted with warm applause.

BRIGHTON.—The monthly meeting was held on December 2nd, at Steine Hall, Mr. Henry Davey being in the chair. Miss Beach delivered

an address on "Some Characteristics of Dickens's Works." Showing a profound and critical knowledge of the master's novels and snialler stories, Miss Beach pointed out a whole number of characteristics which pervade all his immortal creations, and illustrated her remarks by reading some extracts. It was a most noteworthy lecture, and was listened to throughout with exceptional attention, the audience closely following every point. After some remarks by the chairman, Mr. Fowler and Mr. Pennifold, a vote of thanks to Miss Beach was passed with enthusiasm.

BRIISTOL.—The usual monthly meeting was held last month at Whatley Hall, Clifton, Mr. A. J. Tonkin in the chair. Miss Bruford had arranged the programme. The first item was a most pleasing sketch of "Little Paul and Florence Dombey," enacted by Master Bobbie and Miss Ethel Brown. The evergreen "Sam Weller's Valentine" followed; in this Mr. Craik-Smith (Tony) and Mr. Fred Down (Sam) were seen to advantage. A charming picture was made by "The Story of the Princess," Miss Hacksley taking Little Dorrit and Miss Winnie Holmes Maggie. The pathos of a sketch from *The Cricket on the Hearth* was warmly appreciated, Miss Elsie Tucker being Bertha, Mr. Sincok Caleb Plummer, and Mr. Down Tackleton. The monologue "Doctor Marigold" procured a deserved re-call for Mr. Edgar Down. Miss Lilian Hughes gave a spirited reading of "Sam Weller and his Walk on Clifton Downs." The concluding character-sketch, "Mrs. Lirriper discourses on servant girls," given by Miss Bruford, caused much amusement. At the close the usual Christmas collection was made by the several artistes in costume. The amount obtained was £1 17s. 4d., the largest Christmas collection the Society has had. This was sent to the Guild of Brave Poor Things.

CHESTER (U.S.A.).—The first meeting of the season took place on October 26th, in the Y.M.C.A. building, when *Great Expectations* was the subject discussed and criticised. Mr. J. E. McDonough gave the synopsis of the story, and Miss Roland and Miss O'Neill were readers. A business meeting followed, when the new officers were appointed. On November 8th further discussions were made on the same book, which were continued by Miss Smith and Miss Stevenson. The discussion proved to be the most interesting portion of the meeting. Everyone present was deeply interested, and did not fail to discuss the most important parts of the great piece of fiction. The discussion continued for more than an hour, after which an adjournment was taken. All present were unanimous in declaring the meeting a great success and one of the most interesting ever held since the branch was established in this city.

DUBLIN.—There was a large attendance at a meeting held on November 22nd, at the XL Café, Grafton Street, when an interesting paper was read by Miss M. Hogg, entitled "Dickensian Courtships." Her essay was a very entertaining one. Mr. M. D. Collins followed with a reading of "Barkis is willin'," and Mr. D. Swaine with a rendering of the courtship of Mrs. Corney by Mr. Bumble. A discussion then ensued in which many speakers took part. On December 13th an interesting paper was read by Mr. Geo. A. Young on *Little Dorrit*. Extracts illustrative of the humour and pathos of the book were then given by Messrs. J. A. Miller and M. D. Collins. Another item was a reading by Miss F. J. Hogg of the scene where Arthur Clennam renews his acquaintance with Flora Finching, the part played by "Mr. F.'s Aunt" causing much laughter.

FOREST GATE.—At the time of writing (December 14th) the first half of the session has nearly run its course, and a thoroughly enjoyable course it has been. The meetings held for the study of *Great Expectations* have

altogether exceeded the Branch's expectations, for they have attracted more members than the study of any other book has done. Two excellent papers were prepared by Mrs. Barr and Miss Dorothy Sayers respectively. Two successful whist drives have been held, one of them for the funds of the Needlework Guild. The annual social evening, Miss McClean's recital, and the lantern lecture, "Dickens's Folk," were all well attended and most enjoyable. Members are all looking forward to the Annual Dinner at the "George and Vulture," on January 11th, and poor children's parties will begin early in the New Year. The members of the Branch send Dickensian greetings to all other Branches throughout the world, and wish them increased prosperity during the Centenary Year.

GLOUCESTER.—This Branch, which now numbers 190 members, held their monthly meeting at Northgate Mansions on December 6th, and was so crowded that many were obliged to stand during the proceedings. The meeting unanimously decided to allocate from their funds the sum of six guineas—two guineas each to the Halfpenny Meals Fund, Picton House Home for Friendless Girls, and the District Nursing Association. They also agreed to give a series of bright little entertainments during the Christmas season at several of the charitable and benevolent institutions in the city, and Mr. J. Richings, the Hon. Sec., was soon in possession of a goodly list of names of ladies and gentlemen who volunteered to assist. The homes for aged men and women, and even the unfortunate inmates of H.M. Prisons are to be catered for. Truly the Dickensian spirit has taken deep hold of the Gloucester Branch. The business of the meeting included the reading of a splendid paper by Mr. A. B. Bell, editor of the *Gloucester Chronicle*, entitled "Second Thoughts on Dickens," Mr. Bell maintaining that, after a lapse of, say twenty-five or thirty years, a perusal of the novelist's works became far more interesting than when read (somewhat superficially, it was to be expected) in one's younger days. The essay was listened to with rapt attention, and was at times much applauded. Mrs. G. A. Adams submitted the story of the Chadbands at the festive board of the Snagsbys (from *Bleak House*), and Mr. W. L. Edwards gave a characteristic representation of the Smallweed family. A most interesting discussion followed, in which Mr. H. G. Chance, Mr. Chas. Fox, Mr. Collings and others took part. Eight new members were accepted.

GRAVESEND.—The first meeting of the winter session was held on November 21st, and took the form of a whist drive and dance. Some adopted Dickensian character costume, the most successful being Mrs. Wynn as Mrs. Wilfer, Mrs. Stables as Edith Dombey, Miss L. Hail as Agnes Wickfield, Mrs. Harding as Mrs. Boffin, Miss F. Wilkinson as Fagin's dummy trap for his pupils, and Miss Iris Harding as Bella Wilfer, Miss Harding carrying off the prize for the most admired costume. The meeting was such a success that the committee acceded to the request for an "extra" in December, which took place on the 12th on the same lines.

HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS.—On December 7th a very successful meeting was held at the Queen's Hotel; the chair was taken by Dr. G. Locke, J.P. A very fine paper on *Martin Chuzzlewit* was given by Mr. Horatio Robinson; this was followed by a discussion, in which two or three members took part. In addition, there were songs by Mrs. Edward Horsey and Mr. H. Penn, violin solos by Miss Evelyn Jones, and piano-forte solos by Miss Norman. There was a very good attendance, and a collection was taken for the Christmas Poor Fund connected with the Branch. Members of other branches are asked to kindly take note that to commemorate the Centenary a Grand Dickens Pageant will be given at the Gaiety Theatre, Hastings, on February 5th, 6th, and 7th, evenings at 8 o'clock, matinée on the 7th at 2.30. Delegates from Branches will be

cordially welcomed, and seats can be booked by post in advance. It is hoped the pageant will be well supported by Dickensians, as no pains are being spared to make it worthy of the great occasion.

HULL.—The programme on November 24th consisted of a series of five-minute papers on *Great Expectations* by members. The choice of subject was left to the members. Ten members responded. Miss Pollard chose "The Character of Biddy," which was followed by some interesting reminiscences of the old prison hulks by Mr. Burden; a character study of Miss Havisham was given by Mrs. Holesworth with the success that has marked her previous efforts; Mr. Bacon gave an interesting account of Wemmick and Miss Skiffins; a short general criticism of the book was given by Mr. J. H. Brown, followed by another critical paper by Mr. F. J. Popham. The character of Pip was dealt with by Mr. Page; Miss Cousins gave an excellent paper on Abel Magwitch, in which she discussed the larger question of environment and its effect on life. Miss Blanch Watson portrayed Joe Gargery, and Miss Hall concluded the series with a speech on Miss Havisham and Mrs. Gargery. A prize was awarded to Miss Cousins for the best paper. On December 8th a lecture was given by the Rev. R. C. Clegg on "Some Features of the Character of Dickens." In a well-balanced and well-delivered address Mr. Clegg dealt with his subject without bias. He discussed his love of the odd, his mirth, his love of little children; his sympathy with the commonplaces of life, and his unfailing optimism. Passing on to details of his private life he characterised his temperament as irritable and vain. He discussed his works, and made the somewhat controversial statement that his characters were all exaggerations of type. In opening the discussion Mr. Tyndal suggested that the supposed exaggeration was due to a large degree to the illustrations of Cruikshank.

INGLEWOOD (California).—The regular meeting took place at the Masonic Club on November 14th, and was attended by a large number of the members. A paper on "Great Characters of Dickens" was read by Miss Harriett Pownall, and then regular study of the *Pickwick Papers* was taken up. At the same place, on November 28th, the President, Mrs. C. H. Eager, in the chair, extracts from *The Dickensian* and an article on "Dickens's First and Last Banquet in the United States" were read by Mrs. Eager. A paper on "Conditions of the Period and the Reforms which Dickens strove to Accomplish" was read by Mrs. Farley, and the regular reading from the *Pickwick Papers* conducted by Miss Stella Ewald.

LIVERPOOL.—A very interesting gathering took place in the Royal Institution on November 29th, when the President, Dr. E. A. Browne, occupied the chair. The Rev. and Mrs. H. D. Roberts read each their entertaining papers on "Some Lighter Sides of Travel." The concluding meeting of the current half-session was held on December 13th, under the same chairmanship, when readings illustrative of "Feasts from Dickens" were given by Mrs. Helsby, Mr. Tuke, Mrs. E. A. Browne, Miss J. Lewthwaite and Mr. Burke, and were very much relished by a fairly numerous audience.

MANCHESTER.—On December 1st Mr. J. Cuming Walters read his splendid paper on "Dickens's Ideals of Justice." The Rev. G. Erskine Nicol presided. Mr. Walters's vivid lecture, referred to in our last issue, was enthusiastically applauded. The chairman and Mr. Albert Nicholson also addressed the meeting. It was reported that more than fifty new members have joined the Branch this session.

MONTREAL.—The Council at Headquarters had the pleasure of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Godbee Brown during their visit to London recently. They attended one of the Council meetings, and each addressed the members on the work of the Fellowship in Montreal. Mr. Sidney

Marriott conducted them through Dickensian London and entertained them at an "At Home" at his house to meet members of the Fellowship.

PHILADELPHIA.—Over 300 members and guests attended the opening meeting in October at the Walton Hotel. Mr. Leigh Mitchell Hodges, President, occupied the chair, and made a felicitous address of welcome, closing with an earnest plea for co-operation on the part of every member to make the Centenary year the most successful in our history. Dr. Henry Leffmann read a pleasing and instructive paper on "Dickens's Detectives"; Miss Claire Mulholland gave a delightful recital of the laughable meeting between Flora Finching and Arthur Clennam; Mr. Arthur E. Marsh read with amusing effect "Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings"; and Miss Emilie Krider Norris, a talented elocutionist, recited Poe's "Raven." Miss Alice Greims rendered several charming violin solos, being accompanied on the piano by Miss Elizabeth D. McNab. An innovation at this meeting was a Reception Committee of five women members to welcome new members and guests, make introductions, and in general to aid in fostering that fellowship and kindly feeling towards all which is so large a part of the creed of the true Dickensian. At the November meeting Mrs. Edward G. Miller recited the scene from *Oliver Twist* depicting the quarrel between Noah Claypole and little Oliver; John P. Coughlin read an informative and entertaining paper on "Dickens as an Actor"; and J. K. Thomson kept the audience in good humour with his reading of "A Family Visit to the Fleet," from *Pickwick*.

SHEFFIELD.—On November 28th, in the Montgomery Hall, Mr. Frank Speaight charmed a crowded audience with his recital of *David Copperfield*. The Rev. V. W. Pearson presided. Every seat in the house was sold long before the advertised time of commencement of the recital, and hundreds had to be turned away disappointed. On December 13th, at the Outlers' Hall, before a good audience, Mrs. W. F. Bagnall gave a recital of *A Christmas Carol*. A very attentive audience followed the narrative very closely, even the subtle points of the humorous parts were noted, and the intense quiet during the portrayal of the pathetic portions evinced their deep appreciation. The adaptation is by Mrs. Bagnall, in Dickens's own words.

SOUTHEND.—There was a crowded audience on December 5th at the Metropolitan Academy of Music, when the members and friends of this Branch, under the presidency of Dr. A. Grosvenor Hinks, J.P., listened to a recital of *The Chimes* by Mr. William Miles, F.R.S.L. The elocutionist riveted the attention of the audience, who followed with breathless interest the description of Toby Veck's tripe dinner—what the bells said to Toby—the episodes with Alderman Cute and Sir Joseph Bowley—Toby's meeting with and befriending of Will Fern and Lilian—Toby's dream and the incidents leading up to the wedding. The varying emotions were excellently portrayed, and the audience manifested their appreciation by hearty applause. The evening concluded with the two side-splitting excerpts from *Pickwick*—"Mr. Winkle at Bath" and "The Skating Party," which Mr. Miles rendered in his happiest vein. The play of "Dombey and Son," organised by this Branch, is in course of preparation for public performance in Southend in February.

WEST LONDON.—A pleasant and successful whist drive was held on November 22nd, when Miss Murrell and Mrs. Fitt secured the two first ladies' prizes, and Mrs. Unwin and Miss Royal the two gentlemen's. At the December meeting readings and recitals were given by members from the Christmas Books.

WINNIPEG (Canada).—More than sixty new members were enrolled at the meeting on November 9th, at Manitoba University. Dr. A. W. Crawford, the President, presided, and after a few introductory remarks on *Oliver Twist*, introduced Professor A. B. Clark, Professor of Political

Economy, who delivered an excellent address on "Dickens and the Poor Law," pointing out that the poor laws of the time were not quite so bad as Dickens had painted them, and that the author's criticism of institutions was not so happy as were his depictions of human character. A scene from *Oliver Twist*, dramatised by H. Conder, proved very successful, those taking part being H. Conder, Parnell Brown, Miss Edith Derby, F. G. Flowers and Bartley Brown. Mr. Conder delighted the audience

FOREST GATE'S ANNUAL DINNER

SIR,—The above Branch is holding its annual dinner at the "George and Vulture" on Thursday, January 11th, 1912, and the Committee extend a hearty invitation to any member of the Fellowship who would care to be present on the occasion. They feel that the participation of members of other branches would tend to make the term "Fellowship" more practical and real. Tickets are 2s. 9d. each, and should be applied for not later than January 6th.

Yours faithfully, CHAS. E. EDSON, Hon. Sec.

DICKENSIANA MONTH BY MONTH

BOOKS.

Pears' Centenary Edition of Charles Dickens's Christmas Books: A Christmas Carol, The Chimes, The Haunted Man, The Battle of Life, illustrated by Charles Green, R.I., and The Cricket on the Hearth, illustrated by L. Rossi. With an Introduction to each, by Clement Shorter. London: Pears. 1s. 6d. each net.

A Christmas Carol. Illustrated by E. H. Stanton. London: Robert Scott. 2s. net.

The Chimes. Illustrated by F. S. Coburn. London: Putnam & Sons. 6s. net.

MAGAZINE AND NEWSPAPER ARTICLES.

"Dickens and Gravesend," by Maud Chambers. *Gravesend: St. Andrew's Magazine*, Nov.

"Fiction and Romance," by A. C. Benson. *Contemporary Review*, Dec.

"Charles Dickens, the Man and Crusader," by the Editor. *Illus. The Young Man*, Dec.

"Charles Dickens," by Arthur Waugh. *Cassell's Magazine*, Dec.

"Old Clem: *Great Expectations*," and "Col. Gordon in *Barnaby Rudge*." *Notes and Queries*, Nov. 18th.

"Charles Dickens among the Scots," by J. M. Sloan. *T.P.'s Weekly*, Nov. 24th.

"Love Story of Charles Dickens," by J. Cuthbert Haddon. *Weekly Scotsman*, Nov. 25th.

"Examination Paper in 'Dombey & Son.'" *Musical Herald*, Dec. 1st.

"The Genius of Charles Dickens," by the Editor. *Great Thoughts*, Dec. 2nd.

"Charles Dickens's Christmas Party." Double-page illustration, by Harry Furniss. *The Onlooker*, Dec. 2nd.

"Dickens and the Inscribed Stone." *Notes and Queries*, Dec. 2nd.

"The Dickens Centenary Appeal," for Granddaughters of the Novelist; also leading article. *Daily Telegraph*, Dec. 4th and subsequent issues.

"Dickens's Christmas Stories," selected by J. Cuming Walters. *Middlesex County Times*, Dec. 9th.

"Christmas Scenes from Dickens," by J. Cuming Walters. *Birmingham Weekly Mercury*, Dec. 9th.

"*Barnaby Rudge* at New Cross." *Daily Graphic* (Illus.), Dec. 1st; *Daily Sketch* (Illus.), Dec. 9th; *Black and White*, Dec. 9th; *Sheffield Independent*

(*Illus.*), Dec. 12th; *Nottingham Guardian* (*Illus.*), Dec. 12th; *The Stage*, Dec. 14th; *West Kent Argus*, Dec. 12th; *Era*, Dec. 16th; *Referee*, Dec. 17th.

"Mr. Chesterton on Charles Dickens." *South Bucks Free Press*, Dec. 9th.

"Dickens's Christmas Stories," by W. Scott King. *Sunday at Home*, Dec.

Our Mutual Friend, by Marthe Trolly-Curtin. *The Sketch*, Dec. 20th.

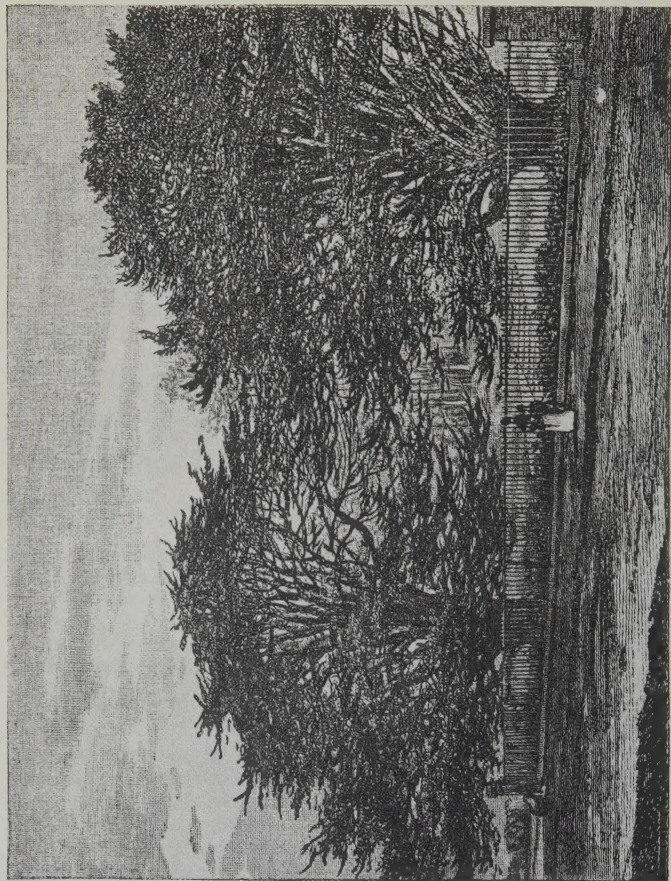
"Children in Dickens," and "Christmas Then and Now." *Daily Telegraph* (*Illus.*), Dec. 21st.

"Dickens and Christmas," by J. Cuthbert Haddon. *Family Herald*, Dec. 23rd.

DIARY OF DICKENS MEETINGS

JANUARY

3. Headquarters: Address by Charles Dickens's daughter (Mrs. Perugini), at Clifford's Inn Hall, at 8. Chairman, Sir Luke Fildes, R.A. (President).
Dublin: "The Philosophy of Mr. Pickwick," by Mr. M. D. Collins, at XL Café, at 8.
5. Hull: Lantern lecture by Mr. H. B. Browne, M.A., at Owen Hall, Baker Street, at 8.
Manchester: Short papers on *A Tale of Two Cities*, at Milton Buildings, Deansgate, at 7.30.
6. Brighton: Meeting arranged by the ladies of the Branch, at Steine Hall.
8. Brixton: New Year's meeting in Independent Church, arranged by Miss K. Marriott.
9. Inglewood (California): "Dickens's Place among Educators," at Masonic Club.
Southend: Recital of *The Chimes*, etc., by Mr. Wm. Miles, at Purcell House.
11. Edinburgh: Readings by Mr. Jas. Dalgleish, at St. Andrew's Square, at 8.
Forest Gate: Annual dinner, at "George and Vulture."
Belfast: Readings and discussion, *A Tale of Two Cities*, in the C.P.A., Howard Street.
12. Sheffield: Dramatic sketches and conversazione, at Cutlers' Hall, at 8.
15. Southampton: Readings by the Rev. W. Garwood and the Rev. Walmsley Clark.
16. Glasgow: Elocutionary and musical entertainment, in Masonic Hall, at 8.
18. Forest Gate: Operetta, by Mrs. Ellmers, at Earlham Hall, at 8.
Hastings: Social evening, at 8.
Stockport: *Nicholas Nickleby*, by Mr. C. H. Lee, at S.S.S., at 8.
19. Hull: "Dickens's Schools and Schoolmasters," by Mrs. S. A. Anderson, at Owen Hall.
Birmingham: Members' evening, at Imperial Hotel, at 8.
22. Brixton: Social evening, at Hammerton Hall, Stockwell Green, S.W.
24. West London: Meeting at Town Hall, Ealing, at 8.
Forest Gate: Reading Circle: *A Tale of Two Cities*, at Earlham Hall, at 8.
25. Edinburgh: Magazine Night.
28. Inglewood (California): "Dickens's Nooks and Corners in and about London," at Masonic Club.
29. Brixton: Evening arranged by Mr. J. S. Baines, at Independent Church Hall, at 8.
Sheffield: "A Dickens Link with Sheffield," by Mr. C. Van Noorden, at Cutlers' Hall, at 8.



THE CEDARS, GADS HILL PLACE
As they were in Dickens's time

(See page 46)